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worthy of the Association and of our Literature.

With these attractions the "Journal" enters upon its second year:—have our subscribers not a "God speed you!" for us?

With the new features will come some change in terms, which will be announced in our next.



EMERSON'S UNITED STATES MAGAZINE.



ALTHOUGH we have more than once before spoken in our Journal of this youngest and most promising of the American Monthlies, which we consider a worthy rival "Harper's," we feel that we cannot do better service to the cause of American Literature than by calling attention to it again. We were indebted to it for that beautiful illustrated poem, "Maggie Bell," which has had more admirers, and been more widely copied and read than any other poem which has appeared in this country for many years. We observe that another poem from the author of Maggie Bell is announced to appear in the July number of the Magazine, to be elegantly illustrated. We believe every number of the Magazine for a year past has contained an illustrated poem, a feature which our own Journal has lately introduced.

Emerson's United States Magazine, as will be seen by the announcement on our cover, commences its fifth volume with the July number. We have had an opportunity of examining some of the advanced sheets of this number, and are pleased to see that it is fully up to the spirit of its motto—"Onward," and presents ample proof of its high sterling character and vigorous progress. The feature of the most importance, commenced in the opening of the new volume, is an elaborate illustrated "Life of Washington," which will run through several volumes, and will be a work of rare merit. It is written by an American author, of genius and high reputation, and will be profusely illustrated in the finest style of art. This feature alone ought to carry Emerson's Magazine into every family and

every school-house in the land. Another feature of this Magazine, which has presented great attractions through the last volume, and will be continued through the coming year, is "Major Jack Downing's Thirty Years out of the United States Senate, showing the workings of American politicians for thirty years." This work is highly illustrated with engravings of great spirit and humor. This series of papers is prepared for the Magazine by the original Major himself, and embraces all of his principal letters, commencing in 1830, during the Presidency of General Jackson, and including those which have appeared in the *National Intelligencer* in the last ten years. They are now, as they were a quarter of a century ago, among the rarest and best things of the day, with "picters to match."

Should any of our readers wish to subscribe for the Magazine through the Association, we shall be pleased to receive their orders. The new volume commences in July, and presents a fine opportunity to subscribe to the Young Giant of the Monthlies. Specimen copies sent free on application.



X THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY—A NATIONAL LOSS.—It is with the most sincere regret that we learn of the probable removal of this celebrated Gallery from this city to Europe, during the coming season, unless it meets with an immediate purchase on this side of the Atlantic, which, owing to its immense cost, we dare not hope to see consummated. The collection, it will be remembered, is the property of Jno. G. Boker, Esq., the wealthy connoisseur of Art in America, who, during a residence of twenty years in Europe, succeeded in securing this superb collection at an actual cost of *two hundred and thirty thousand dollars!*—making one of the most costly and magnificent collection of Art works ever brought to America. We believe the Gallery was first thrown open to the public in this city some eight years since, and was also exhibited in Boston; in both of which places it has met with the highest encomiums. That our country should now lose so valuable an acquisition to its national institutions is to be lamented, and, we doubt not, will prove a source of the deepest regret to the many thousand admirers of the famous "Dusseldorf."



"WE come again with song to greet you," as the Vermont Psalmist used to sing from his tin wagon; and so we declare to our dear readers. We have jogged along thus far with a warm heart under our vest, and feel like a Blue Jay on this beautiful summer day. "Oh, for a lodge in the fair wilderness!" is our cry however, for here with great marble walls hemming us in on all sides, it is only *in expectandum* that we are with the tin peddler, jogging along the green-lined highway, and whistling to ourselves as the Blue Jay. We *once* knew what it was to have the friendship of green fields and woods and streams: we once had a familiar face for rocks and trees and stumps, as we sat astride of them on the sweet summer times of long ago. Where are ye now, old friends, and what child-lover woos your dear caresses? No answer! So distant are they that the mist gathers and the forms are indistinct—only faint forms, like spiritual things, are there; and we know it is we who are removed so far from that golden land. Dear old Home! Embalmed in memory, we return to thee, faithful, every May-time, as the years whirl us away further into the gray of age; and hope that there is a pillow in store for us beneath the green turf of thy holy haunts, when it shall be that we sleep from our labors. But May is here, even in the city, and as the sunlight glances from spire and casement, lighting up the streets with a splendor that shames all Art, we feel the influence and send out a carol of summer song to our dear readers. God bless the summer to our good, and the seasons to our happiness!

—Among the correspondents of the *Cosmopolitan*, is our friend WILD OATS, who last wrote us from Baden, promising to let us hear from him again when he had "passed the Rubicon" and entered Rome. He has not, we are sorry to say, let us hear from him again; and we fear that "sojer" he punched into the Zuyder Zee may have pursued and shot him "mit